(2)

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE,

Collected and prepared

By a COMMITTEE appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of SCOTLAND.

MDCCLVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been often and earneſtly deſired by pious and devout perſons, to have our Pſalmody *enlarged, by joining with the* Pſalms *of* David, *ſome other ſcriptural ſongs out of the New Teſtament, as well as the Old. The Church of Scotland had this deſign in view, not long after the revolution; and it has been at different times under their deliberation, as appears by ſeveral acts and recommendations of General Aſſemblies. By act of aſſembly* 1742, *a committee was appointed to collect and prepare tranſlations and paraphraſes of ſacred writ, in verſe: this committee having made no report, the Aſſembly* 1744 *renewed their appointment on them for this purpoſe, and added ſome others to their number. In conſequence of theſe appointments of the Aſſembly, letters were writ in name of this committee, to the ſeveral preſbyteries, deſiring them to ſend any materials they could furniſh for this pious deſign. Theſe poems which are now printed and tranſmitted to preſbyteries, by act of Aſſembly, are partly collected from the pious and ingenious* Dr. Watts *and ſome other writers, with ſuch alterations as appeared to fit them more for the*

preſent purpoſe; and partly furniſhed by miniſters of this church. The uſe for which they were intended, required ſimplicity and plainneſs of compoſition and ſtile. The committee who prepared them, chiefly aimed at having the ſenſe of ſcripture expreſſed in eaſy verſe; ſuch as might be fitted to raiſe devotion, might be intelligible to all, and might riſe above contempt from perſons of better taſte.

The General Aſſembly 1749, *did, by their act, tranſmit theſe tranſlations and paraphraſes to the committee, with inſtructions to conſider the amendments which have been offered by preſbyteries, to admit ſuch as they judge proper and material, and to cauſe print a new impreſſion of the collection ſo amended, in order to its being again tranſmitted to preſbyteries: accordingly, the propoſed amendments have been carefully conſidered and examined by the committee, and many of them admitted into this new impreſſion.*

Tranſ-

Tranſlations *and* Paraphraſes

FROM

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I. LUKE II. 8—15.

WHILE humble ſhepherds watch'd their flocks
in Bethleh'm's fields by night,
An angel ſent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the fields with light.

2 Fear not, ſaid he, (for ſudden dread
had ſeiz'd their troubled mind)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

3 To you in David's town, this day
is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord:
and this ſhall be the ſign;

4 The heav'nly babe you there ſhall find
to human view diſplay'd,
All meanly wrapt in ſwadling bands,
and in a manger laid.

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining throng

Of

Of angels praiſing God, and thus
addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

6 All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
Good-will is ſhown by heav'n to men,
and never more ſhall ceaſe.

II. *The ſong of* Mary.

LUKE I. 49—56.

MY ſoul and ſpirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and ſaviour praiſe;
Whoſe goodneſs did from poor eſtate
his humble handmaid raiſe.

2 Me bleſs'd of God, the God of pow'r,
all ages ſhall confeſs;
Whoſe name is holy, and whoſe love
his ſaints ſhall ever bleſs.

3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty ſhew'd;
the proud he did confound:
He caſt the mighty from their ſeat;
the meek and humble crown'd.

4 The hungry with good things are fill'd;
the rich with hunger pin'd:
He ſent his ſervant Iſrael help,
and call'd his love to mind;

5 Which

5 Which to our fathers ancient race
his oath did once inſure,
To Abrah'm, and his choſen ſeed,
for ever to endure.

III. *The ſong of* Simeon.

LUKE II. 29—33.

NOW let thy ſervant die in peace,
from this vain world diſmiſt;
I've ſeen thy great ſalvation, Lord;
and haſten to my reſt.

2 Thy long-expected grace diſclos'd
before the people's view,
Hath prov'd thy love was conſtant ſtill,
and promiſes were true.

3 This is the ſun, whoſe chearing ray
through Gentile darkneſs ſpreads;
Pours glory round thy choſen race,
and bleſſings on their heads.

IV. LUKE IV. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes!
the Saviour promis'd long:
Let every heart a throne prepare,
and every voice, a ſong!

2 On him, the Spirit, largely ſhed,
exerts its ſacred fire :
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to relieve,
in ſatan's bondage held ;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
the iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt clouds of vice
to clear the darken'd mind ;
And, from on high, a ſaving light
to pour upon the blind.

5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding ſouls to cure ;
And, with the treaſures of his grace,
t' inrich the humble poor.

6 His ſilver trumpets publiſh loud
the jub'lee of the Lord :
Our debts are all forgiv'n us now,
our heritage reſtor'd.

7 Our glad Hoſannahs, Prince of Peace !
thy welcome ſhall proclaim ;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy beloved name !

V. ISAIAH XLII. 1—13.

BEhold my ſervant! ſee him riſe,
exalted in my might!
Him have I choſen, and in him
I place ſupreme delight.

2 In rich effuſion, on his ſoul,
my Spirit's pow'rs ſhall flow:
He'll to the Gentiles, and the iſles,
my truths and judgments ſhow.

3 Peaceful and calm ſhall be the words
which from his mouth proceed:
The ſmoaking flax he ſhall not quench,
nor break the bruiſed reed.

4 The feeble ſpark to flames he'll raiſe;
the weak he'll not deſpiſe:
Judgment he ſhall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen riſe.

5 His heart ſhall not deſpond nor fail,
nor ought ſhall him diſmay;
Till judgment in the earth he ſet,
and iſlands own his ſway.

6 He who ſpread forth the arch of heav'n,
and hung its orbs on high;
Who form'd the earth, and bade his pow'r
its tribes with breath ſupply;

7 The

7 Thus ſpeaks the Lord: thee have I rais'd:
my prophet thee inſtal;
In right I've call'd thee, and in ſtrength
I'll ſuccour whom I call.

8 I with the land eſtabliſh will
a covenant in thee,
To light the Gentiles, and the blind,
and ſet the pris'ners free.

9 I am the Lord; and by the name
of great Jehovah known:
Idols ſhall not my glory ſhare,
nor mount into my throne.

10 Lo! former ſcenes, predicted once,
conſpicuous riſe to view:
And future events, thus foretold,
ſhall be accompliſh'd too.

11 Sing to the Lord a new-made ſong:
let earth his praiſe reſound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the iſles around!

12 Ye who inhabit deſart wilds,
or peopl'd cities throng;
With humble Kedar's ſcatter'd tribes,
the joyful notes prolong!

13 Let all combin'd with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raiſe;

'Till,

'Till, in earth's utmoſt bounds remote,
the iſlands ſound his praiſe!

VI. ISAIAH LIII.

HOw few receive, with lively faith,
the truths which we impart?
How few have felt the pow'r divine
reveal'd within their heart?

2 The Saviour comes!——no outward (pomp
beſpeaks the Saviour nigh:
No earthly beauty ſhines in him,
to draw the carnal eye.

3 As in dry ſoil, a tender plant
weak and neglected grows;
So, in this cold and barren world,
that ſacred root aroſe.

4 Rejected and deſpis'd of men;
behold a man of woe!
Grief was his cloſe companion ſtill,
through all his life below.

5 Yet theſe were ours, theſe griefs he felt;
ours were the woes he bore:
Pangs not his own, his ſpotleſs ſoul,
with bitter anguiſh, tore.

6 We held him as accurſt by heav'n,

an

an outcaſt from his God ;
Whilſt for our ſins he groan'd, he bled,
beneath his father's rod.

7 That ſacred blood hath waſh'd our ſouls
from ſin's polluted ſtain ;
His ſtripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our ſouls again.

8 The blind apoſtate race of men
like ſheep had gone aſtray :
And the trangreſſions of us all
the Lord on him did lay.

9 Wrong'd and oppreſs'd, how meekly he,
in patient ſilence ſtood ;
Mute as the peaceful harmleſs lamb,
when brought to ſhed its blood !

10 Who can his generation tell ?
from priſon ſee him led,
With impious ſhew of law condemn'd,
and number'd with the dead.

11 Laid low in duſt with ſinners he ;
the rich a grave ſupply'd :
Pure was his life, unſtain'd by ſin ;
and as he liv'd, he dy'd.

12 Yet God again his head ſhall raiſe,
tho' thus he brought him low :
This ſacred off'ring, once complete,

ſhall

ſhall finiſh all his woe.

13 For, ſaith the Lord, my pleaſure then
ſhall proſper in his hand:
His ſhall a num'rous iſſue be,
and ſtill his honours ſtand.

14 His ſoul, rejoicing, ſhall behold
the purchaſe of his pain;
And thouſand guilty ſouls redeem'd,
ſhall bleſs Meſſiah's reign.

15 He with the great ſhall ſhare the ſpoil,
and baffle all his foes:
Tho' rank'd with ſinners here he fell,
a conqueror he roſe.

16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men;
that ſin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bleſs them, and defend,
and plead their cauſe, in heav'n.

VII. PHILIP. II. 6—12.

YOu who the name of Jeſus bear,
his holy footſteps trace:
On his bright pattern form your mind,
and be what Jeſus was.

2 Who, tho' the form of God he bore,
his nature tho' the ſame;
Nor deem'd it robb'ry in himſelf

to equal God ſupreme.

3 That greatneſs he for us abas'd,
for us that glory veil'd.
In human likeneſs God did dwell,
his majeſty conceal'd.

4 Nor only man the God appears,
but ſtoops a ſervant low;
Submits to death, nay to the croſs,
in all its ſhame and woe.

5 Hence God with high reward hath crown'd
this gen'rous love to men;
Supreme hath ſet him o'er his works,
and highly rais'd his name;

6 That at his name with ſacred awe,
each humbled knee ſhould bow,
Of hoſts immortal in the ſkies,
and nations ſpread below.

7 That powers of hell before his feet
might fall, and own his ſway;
And, to his Father's praiſe, each tongue
his boundleſs rule diſplay.

VIII. HEB. IV. 14, 15, 16.

JESUS the Son of God, who once
for us his life reſign'd,
Hath enter'd heav'n, our great High-prieſt,
and

and never-dying friend.

2 Thro' life, thro' death, let us to him
with conſtancy adhere :
Faith ſhall ſupply new ſtrength, and hope
ſhall baniſh every fear.

3 For not to human weakneſs, harſh
is our High-prieſt above :
With tenderneſs his heart o'erflows,
his bowels melt with love.

4 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
he knows our feeble frame :
He knows what ſore temptations are ;
for he has felt the ſame.

5 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure,
the great Redeemer ſtood ;
While ſatan's fiery dart he bore,
and did reſiſt to blood.

6 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And, tho' exalted, feels afreſh
what ev'ry member bears.

7 Then let us to the throne of grace,
with holy boldneſs, come ;
There to pour forth our hearts, and there
make all our ſorrows known :

8 That we may find propitious aids

of mercy and of grace,
To guard us in the evil hour,
and help us in diſtreſs.

IX. REV. V. 6—14.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
amidſt his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
and ſongs, before unknown.

2 Let elders worſhip at his feet;
the church adore around:
With vials full of odours ſweet,
and harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 Thoſe are the prayers of the ſaints,
and theſe the hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our complaints;
he loves to hear our praiſe.

4 Eternal Father! who ſhall look
into thy ſacred will?
Who, but the Son, ſhall take that book,
and open every ſeal?

5 Now, to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
be endleſs bleſſings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on thy head.!

6 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,

thou

thou brought thy choſen race :
And diſtant lands and iſles have felt
the riches of thy grace.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd us with thy blood ;
haſt ſet the pris'ners free :
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God ;
and we ſhall reign with thee.

8 Hark ! how th' adoring hoſts above
with ſongs ſurround the throne ;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
but all their hearts are one.

9 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
to be exalted thus !
Worthy the Lamb ! let us reply,
for he was ſlain for us.

10 Jeſus is worthy to receive
honour and pow'r divine :
And bleſſings, more than we can give,
O Lord, be ever thine.

11 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
let air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
and ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe !

12 The whole creation join in one,
to bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,

and

and to adore the Lamb !

X. *The* LORD's PRAYER,

MATT. VI. 9—14.

FATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
who dwell'ſt in heav'n, ador'd ;
But preſent ſtill through all thy works,
the univerſal Lord.

2 All hallow'd be thy ſacred name,
o'er all the nations known ;
Advance the kingdom of thy grace ;
and let thy glory come.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts reſign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth ſo let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us ſtill :
Give us our bread ; and may we reſt
contented in thy will.

5 Our ſins and treſpaſſes we own ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
That mercy we to others ſhow,
we pray the like from heav'n.

6 Our life let ſtill thy grace direct ;

from

from evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to ſtray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine ;
all glory's due to thee :
Thine from eternity they were ;
and thine ſhall ever be !

XI. 1 COR. XIII.

THO' all mens eloquence adorn'd
my ſweet perſuading tongue ;
Tho' I could ſpeak in higher ſtrains
than ever angel ſung ;

2 Tho' prophecy my ſoul inſpir'd,
and made all myſt'ries plain :
Yet, were I void of chriſtian love,
theſe gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, tho' my faith with boundleſs pow'r
ev'n mountains could remove :
I ſtill am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.

4 Tho' with my goods the poor I fed ;
my body to the flame,
In queſt of martyrdom, I gave :
ev'n this were all in vain.

5 Love ſuffers long ; love envies not ;

but

but love is ever kind :
She never boaſteth of herſelf,
nor proudly lifts the mind.

6 Love no unſeemly carriage ſhows ;
ſhe bears no ſelfiſh view :
But lays her own advantage by,
her neighbour's to purſue.

7 Love harbours no ſuſpicious thought ;
is patient to the bad :
Griev'd when ſhe hears of ſin and crimes ;
and in the truth is glad.

8 Love beareth much, much ſhe believes ;
ſhe hopes ſtill for the beſt :
Love ſtill with meekneſs doth endure,
tho' much with hardſhip preſt.

9 Love ſtill ſhall hold an endleſs reign
on earth and heav'n above,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and prophets fail,
and ev'ry gift, but love.

10 Here all our gifts imperfect are ;
but better days draw nigh,
When full perfection's reign ſhall come,
and all theſe ſhadows fly.

11 Like children here we ſpeak and think,
whom childiſh toys amuſe :
Our ſouls, when they to manhood come,
will ſlight their preſent views.

Here,

12 Here, dark and dim, as through a vail,
is God and truth beheld:
Then ſhall we ſee, as face to face,
and God ſhall be unvail'd.

13 Faith, hope and love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is bleſt;
But faith and hope muſt yield to love,
of every grace, the beſt.

14 Hope ſhall to full fruition riſe,
and faith be ſight, above:
Theſe are the means, but this the end;
for ſaints for ever love.

XII. HEB. XII. 1—13.

BEHOLD, what witneſſes unſeen,
encompaſs us around;
Men, once like us, with ſuff'ring try'd,
but now with glory crown'd.

2 Like them, inſpir'd with patient heart,
your chriſtian race begin:
Be each incumbrance laid aſide,
and every fav'rite ſin.

3 A pattern, nobler far than theirs,
demands our firſt regard;
Jeſus, who leads us in our faith,
and crowns it with reward.

4 To him, your glorious chief, look up,
whom future joy could move
To bear the croſs, deſpiſe the ſhame,
and now he reigns above.

5 If he the ſcorn of ſinners vile
with patience could ſuſtain,
Becomes it us, with hearts oppreſt,
to murmur or complain!

6 Have you, like him, to blood, to death,
with all temptations ſtrove?
And is the word divine forgot,
which ſpeaks a father's love?

7 My ſon, ſaith he, with patient mind
endure the chaſt'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction try'd,
that thou art lov'd of God.

8 His children thus, moſt dear to him,
their heav'nly father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of ſorrows and of pains.

9 'Tis thus we know he owns us his,
when we correction ſhare;
Nor wander, as a baſtard race,
without our father's care.

10 A father's voice, with rev'rence, we
on earth have often heard;

The father of our ſpirits, then,
how much ſhould we regard ?

11 Our fathers here, with erring hand,
may ſometimes deal the rod :
But heaven's wiſe chaſtiſements are ſent,
to raiſe our ſouls to God.

12 Tho' harſh and grievous now they ſeem
and ſpread a field of woe :
Yet, planted there, the peaceful fruits
of righteouſneſs ſhall grow.

13 Then let our hearts no more deſpond,
our hands be weak no more :
Still truſt your heavenly fathers love,
and ſtill his ways adore.

XIII. JOB I. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
and mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours lent us now,
to be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or ſinks them in the grave ;

He

He gives and takes, (bleſt be his name!)
he takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions, then;
let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
and every murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too,
that ſtrikes our comforts dead.

XIV. JOHN XIV 1——5.

LET not your hearts, with anxious (thoughts,
be troubled or diſmay'd;
But truſt the providence divine,
and truſt my gracious aid.

2 I to my father's houſe return:
there num'rous manſions ſtand:
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land.

3 If no ſuch happy land there were,
the truth I'd have declar'd;
And not with vain deluſive hopes
your eaſy minds enſnar'd.

4 Now, in your name, I go before,
to take poſſeſſion there;

And,

And, in the land of promis'd reſt,
your manſion to prepare.

5 But thence I ſhall return again,
and take you home with me:
Then ſhall we meet, to part no more,
and ſtill together be!

6 Thus, whither I am bound you know;
and I have ſhewn the road:
For I'm the true and living way,
that leads the ſoul to God.

XV. JOHN XIV. 25—29.

YOU now muſt hear my voice no more;
my father calls me home:
But ſoon from heav'n the Holy Ghoſt,
your comforter ſhall come.

2 Him God the Father, in my name,
will ſend, your guide to be;
Reviving every ſacred truth
that ye have heard from me.

3 Peace to your ſouls, I, parting, give;
my peace to you bequeath:
I brought the precious gift from heav'n,
and ſeal it with my death.

4 I give not like this world, whoſe hopes
with vain pretence impoſe;

Seek ye my peace, and truſt my words,
and ye ſhall find repoſe.

5 I know you're griev'd becauſe I ſaid,
that you and I muſt part:
But when you hear I'm to return,
how ſhould it chear your heart?

6 If with a pure and grateful love,
to me your boſoms glow,
You'll ſhare my joy, ſince I have ſaid
I to my father go.

XVI. ISAIAH XL. 27—31.

WHY pour'ſt thou forth thine anxious ('plaint
deſpairing of relief;
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cauſe,
and did not heed thy grief?

2 Haſt thou forgot th' Almighty name
that form'd the earth and ſea?
And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay?

3 Supreme in wiſdom, as in pow'r,
that rock of ages ſtands:
Tho' him thou canſt not ſee, nor trace
the working of his hands.

4 He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
ſupports the fainting heart;

And

And courage in the evil hour
his ſtrength'ning aids impart.

5 Mere mortal pow'r ſhall fade and die,
and youthful vigour ceaſe:
But they that wait upon the Lord
ſhall feel their ſtrength encreaſe.

6 They, with unwearied feet, ſhall tread
the path of life divine:
They ſtill, with growing ardour, move;
with growing brightneſs ſhine.

7 On eagles wings they mount, they ſoar;
their wings are faith and love:
Till, paſt the cloudy regions here,
they riſe to heav'n above.

XVII. ISAIAH XLIX. 13—17.

YE heav'ns, ſend forth your praiſing ſong!
earth, raiſe thy voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn;
and joy through nature flow:

2 Behold how gracious is our God!
with what comforting ſtrains
He chears the ſorrows of our heart,
and baniſhes our pains!

3 Ceaſe ye, when days of darkneſs fall,
with troubled hearts to mourn:

As if the Lord could leave a ſaint
forſaken or forlorn.

4 Can a fond mother e'er forget
the infant of her womb?
And, 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts,
her ſuckling have no room?

5 Yet, ſaith the Lord, ſhould nature change,
and mothers monſters prove;
Sion ſtill dwells upon the heart
of everlaſting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name:
My hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
and build her broken frame.

XVIII. JOB IX. 2—10.

HOW ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteouſneſs,
we fall beneath his rod.

2 If he ſhould ſcan my words and thoughts,
with ſtrict inquiring eyes;
Could I, for one of thouſand faults,
the leaſt excuſe deviſe?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe;
what vain preſumers dare,

Againſt

Againſt their maker's hand to riſe,
or 'tempt th' unequal war?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their old ſeats forſake;
The trembling earth deſerts her place,
and all her pillars ſhake.

5 He bids the ſun forbear to riſe,
th' obedient ſun forbears:
His hand with ſackloth ſpreads the ſkies,
and ſeals up all the ſtars.

6 He walks upon the raging ſea;
flies on the ſtormy wind:
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
or his dark footſteps find.

XIX. TITUS III. 3—9.

LORD, we confeſs our num'rous faults;
how great our guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
and all our lives were ſin.

2 But, O my ſoul! for ever praiſe,
for ever love his name;
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
of folly, ſin and ſhame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteouſneſs,
which we ourſelves have done;

But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace,
abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
that all our hopes begin:
His mercy ſav'd our ſouls from death,
and waſh'd our ſouls from ſin.

5 His ſpirit through the Saviour ſhed,
its ſacred fire imparts:
Refines our droſs; and love divine
does kindle in our hearts.

6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live a-new;
and, juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
and ſee our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope,
in holy deeds abound;
Thus only faith is genuine prov'd,
by active virtue crown'd.

XX. JOHN III. 14—19.

AS, when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen ſerpent high: (cur'd,
The wounded look'd and ſtraight were
the people ceas'd to die.

2 Look upward in the dying hour,
and live, the prophet cries:
So Chriſt performs a nobler cure,

when

when faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the croſs the Saviour hung;
high in the heav'ns he reigns:
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
look, and forget their pains.

4 Such was the pity of our God;
mankind he lov'd ſo well;
He ſent his Son to bear our ſins,
and ſave our ſouls from hell.

5 Not to condemn the ſons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
But that ſalvation's joyful ſound
might, from his mouth, be heard.

6 Let ſinners hearken to his voice,
believe on him, and live;
He'll guide them in the paths of bliſs,
and peace and pardon give.

7 But vengeance juſt for ever lyes
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe,
and ſcorn his offer'd grace.

XXI. ROM. III. 19—22.

VAin are the hopes the ſons of men
on their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
and all their actions, guilt.

2 Let

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths,
without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
guilty before the Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
of juſtifying grace:
The law, that ſhows the ſinner's guilt,
condemns him to his face.

4 Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace!
when in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
that makes the ſinner juſt.

XXII. ROM. VI. 1, 2, 6.

AND ſhall we then go on to ſin
becauſe thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
and open all his wounds;

2 Great God! forbid the impious thought;
nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That we, whoſe ſins are crucify'd,
ſhould raiſe them from the dead.

3 Nay, now we will be ſlaves no more,
ſince Chriſt hath made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his croſs,
and bought our liberty.

XXIII. ROM. II. 4, 5.

UNgrateful ſinner! whence this ſcorn
of God's long-ſuff'ring grace?
And whence this madneſs, that inſults
th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it becauſe his patience waits,
and pitying bowels move,
You multiply tranſgreſſions more,
and ſpurn his richeſt love?

3 Doſt thou not know, ſelf-blinded man!
his goodneſs is deſign'd
To move repentance in thy ſoul,
and melt thy hardned mind?

4 Is all the treaſur'd wrath ſo ſmall,
you treaſure up ſtill more?
Tho' not eternal rolling years
can e'er exhauſt the ſtore.

5 Swift doth the day of vengeance come,
that muſt your ſentence ſeal,
And righteous judgments, now unknown,
in awful pomp reveal.

6 Alarm'd and melted at the thought,
our conquer'd hearts would bow;
And to eſcape th' avenger then,
embrace the Saviour now.

XXIV. JOB VIII. 11—22.

SAy, grows the ruſh without the mire?
the flag without the ſtream?
Green and uncut, it quickly fades;
the wicked's fate's the ſame.

2 Slight is his hope, cut off and broke;
or if entire it riſe,
Yet, as the ſpider's web, when try'd,
it yieldeth, breaks and flies.

3 Fixt on his houſe he leans, his houſe
and all its props decay;
He holds it faſt, but faſter ſtill
the tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Though, in his garden, to the ſun
his boughs with verdure ſmile;
Though, deeply fix'd, his ſpreading roots
unſhaken ſtand a while:

5 Yet, when from heav'n his ſentence flies,
he's hurried from his place;
It then denies him for its Lord,
nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo, this the joy of wicked men,
who heav'n's juſt laws deſpiſe;
They quickly fall, and in their room
as quickly others riſe.

7 But God his pow'r will, for the juſt,

with

with tender care employ ;
He'll fill their mouths with ſongs of praiſe,
and fill their hearts with joy.

XXV. LUKE XV. 13——25.

BEhold the wretch, whoſe luſt and wine
had waſted his eſtate ;
He begs a ſhare amongſt the ſwine,
to taſte the huſks they eat.

2 Whilſt I with hunger die, he cries,
and ſtarve in foreign land ;
The meaneſt in my father's houſe,
is fed with bounteous hand.

3 I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
fall down before his face :
Father, I've ſin'd 'gainſt heav'n and thee,
nor can deſerve thy grace.

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
to ſeek his father's love :
The father ſaw him from a-far,
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon ;
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.

6 Bring forth the faireſt robe for him,
the joyful father ſaid ;

To him, each mark of grace be ſhown,
and every honour paid.

7 A day of feaſting I ordain;
let mirth and joy abound:
My ſon was dead, and lives again;
was loſt, and now is found.

XXVI. MATT. XI. 25, *to the End.*

WITH ſolemn thankſgiving our Lord
his father thus addreſs'd:
For ever may the ſovereign Lord
of heaven and earth be bleſt:

2 Who from the wiſe and prudent haſt
thy heav'nly truths conceal'd;
Which yet to weak and ſimple babes
thou plainly haſt reveal'd.

3 Ev'n ſo thou, Father! haſt ordain'd
thy wiſe decree to ſtand;
Nor men, nor angels may preſume
the reaſon to demand.

4 All pow'r my father me hath giv'n;
for me he knows and loves:
Him none can know, but they to whom
the Son a Saviour proves.

5 Come then, all weary lab'ring ſouls,
with guilt and fears oppreſt;
By faith your burdens on me caſt,

and

and I will give you reſt.

6 Your willing necks bend to my yoke,
and own my rightful ſway:
My pattern learn to imitate,
and all my laws obey.

7 Learn, from your meek and humble Lord,
a meek and humble mind;
And thus your weary troubled hearts
ſhall reſt and quiet find.

8 Gentle and eaſy is my yoke;
my yoke the ſinner frees:
And the light burthen I impoſe,
a heavier load doth eaſe.

XXVII. ISAIAH LV.

HO! ye that thirſt, approach the ſpring
of ever-flowing bliſs;
Free to the poor, life's waters flow,
and bought without a price.

2 Why bargain ye for earthly goods,
where fruitleſs is the coſt?
In vanity ye waſte your days,
and all your labour's loſt:

3 To me incline your willing ear,
ſo ſhall your ſouls be bleſt;
And fed with truth, and real good,
attain their native reſt.

4 Hear ye and live for evermore!
my mercy ſhall renew
The hope that gladden'd *David*'s heart,
in covenant with you.

5 Him, for my witneſs, have I rais'd,
your leader and your chief:
The nations he ſhall call, and they
be bleſs'd in his belief.

6 Behold, great prophet! lands unknown,
and lands that knew not thee,
Shall haſten to thy call; and God
in thee exalted be.

7 Seek ye the Lord, whilſt yet his ear
is open to your call;
Whilſt offer'd mercy yet is near,
before his footſtool fall.

8 Now let the ſons of vice repent;
from ſin the ſinner ceaſe:
To God returning, they ſhall meet
their God's returning grace.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
for, hear the voice divine:
My nature, as 'tis not like yours,
ſo nor my ways as thine.

10 But far, as heav'n's reſplendent orbs
beyond earth's ſpot extend;
So far my nature, thoughts and ways,

your

your ways and thoughts tranſcend.

11 For as the rains from heav'n diſtill,
nor thither tend again;
But ſwell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes ſuſtain:

12 So not a word that flows from me
ſhall ineffectual fall;
But univerſal nature prove
obſequious to my call.

13 With joy and peace, ſhall then be led
the glad converted lands;
The mountains then ſhall ſeem to ſing,
the trees to clap their hands.

15 For briers then, and thorny wilds,
ſhall firs and myrtles ſpring:
Thus ſhall it ever laſte; and all
to God ſhall praiſes ſing.

XXVIII. ISAIAH II. 2—6.

IN latter days the mount of God,
his ſacred houſe ſhall riſe
Above the mountains and the hills,
and ſtrike the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues, ſhall flow;
Up to the houſe of God, they'll ſay,
to *Jacob*'s God, we'll go.

3 To us he'll point the ways of truth;

the ſacred path we'll tread :
From *Salem*, and from *Zion* hill,
his law ſhall then proceed.

4 Among the nations and the iſles,
as judge ſupreme, he'll ſit :
And, veſted with unbounded pow'r,
will puniſh or acquit.

5 No ſtrife ſhall rage, nor angry feuds
diſturb theſe peaceful years ; (ſwords,
To plow-ſhares then they'll beat their
to pruning-hooks, their ſpears.

6 Then nation ſhan't 'gainſt nation riſe,
and ſlaughter'd hoſts deplore :
They'll lay the uſeleſs trumpet by,
and ſtudy war no more.

7 O come ye, then, of *Jacob*'s houſe,
our hearts now let us join ;
And, walking in the light of God,
with holy beauties ſhine.

XXIX. ISAIAH XXVI. 1—6.

HOW honourable is the place,
where we, adoring, ſtand ;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
and beauty of the land !

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
the city where we dwell :

The

The walls, of ſtrong ſalvation made,
deſy th' aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates!
the doors wide open fling?
Enter, ye nations, that obey
the ſtatutes of our king.

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
and live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
and truſted in his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
and baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
his arm ſhall bring them low:
Low as the caverns of the grave,
their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet ſhall tread,
in that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread
a pavement for the poor.

XXX. 1 JOHN III. 1—4.

BEHOLD th' amazing height of love
the father hath beſtow'd
On us, the ſinful ſons of men,

to call us ſons of God !

2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
by this dark world unknown ;
So the world knew not, when he came,
God's everlaſting Son.

3 High is the character we bear ;
but higher we ſhall riſe :
Tho' what we'll be, in future worlds,
is hid from mortal eyes.

4 But this we know, when he, whom now
heav'n veils from mortal eyes,
Shall in his Father's glory come,
and call the dead to riſe ;

5 At that bleſt day, we ſhall transform'd
into his likeneſs be ;
Becauſe our raptur'd ſouls ſhall then
unveil'd their Saviour ſee.

6 A hope ſo great, and ſo divine,
may trials well endure ;
Refine the ſoul from ſenſe and ſin,
as Chriſt himſelf is pure.

XXXI. HAB. III. 17, 18.

WHatſho' no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
tho' wines their fruit deny :
The labours of the olive fail,
and fields no meat ſupply !

2 Tho' from the fold with ſad ſurprize,
my flocks cut off I ſee ;
Tho' famine pines in empty ſtalls
where cattle uſed to be ;

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love :
In him I'll joy, who will the God
of my ſalvation prove.

4 God is the treaſure of my ſoul ;
a ſource of ſacred joy,
Which no afflictions can controul,
nor death itſelf deſtroy.

XXXII. 2 TIM. I. 12.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his cauſe ;
Maintain the glory of his croſs,
and honour all his laws.

2 Jeſus, my God ! I know his name,
his name is all my truſt :
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm, as his throne, his promiſe ſtands ;
and he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
before

before his father's face;
And in the New Jeruſalem
appoint my ſoul a place.

XXXIII. 2 TIM. IV. 6, 7, 8, and 18.

MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the ſolemn hour is nigh,
When offer'd up to God, my ſoul
ſhall wing it's flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord;
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
and wait the ſure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
a crown which cannot fade;
The righteous judge, at that great day,
ſhall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
this prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to ſee,
th' appearance of the Son.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard my ſteps
from ev'ry ill deſign;
And to his heav'nly kingdom ſafe
preſerve this ſoul of mine.

6 God is my everlaſting aid;
and hell ſhall rage in vain;

To

To him be higheſt glory paid,
and endleſs praiſe. Amen.

XXXIV. HEB. XIII. 20, 21.

FATHER of peace, and God of love!
we own thy pow'r to ſave,
By which our mighty ſhepherd roſe
victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him, from the dead thou broughtſt again,
when, by his ſacred blood,
Confirm'd and ſeal'd for evermore
th' eternal cov'nant ſtood.

3 O may the ſpirit ſeal our ſouls,
and mould them to thy will;
That our weak hearts no more may ſtray,
but keep thy precepts ſtill.

4 Work in us all thy holy will,
to man by Jeſus ſhown:
Till we, through him, improving ſtill,
at laſt approach thy throne.

XXXV. ROM. VIII. 31. *to the End.*

NOW let our ſouls aſcend above
the fears of guilt and woe:
God is for us our friend declar'd;
who then can be our foe?

2 He who his Son, moſt dear and lov'd,
for us gave up to die;

Will

Will he withhold a leſſer gift,
or ought that's good deny ?

3 Behold all bleſſings ſeal'd in this,
the higheſt pledge of love ;
All grace and peace in earth below,
and endleſs life above !

4 Who now ſhall dare to charge with guilt
whom God hath juſtify'd ?
Or who is he that ſhall condemn,
ſince Chriſt the Saviour dy'd ?

5 He died, —but he is riſen again,
triumphant from the grave ;
And pleads for us at God's right-hand,
omnipotent to ſave.

6 Then, who can e'er divide us more
from Chriſt, and love divine ?
Or what diſſolve the ſacred band,
that joins our ſouls to him ?

7 Let troubles riſe, and dangers roar,
and days of darkneſs fall ;
Through him all terrors we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.

8 Nor death, nor life, nor heav'n, nor hell,
nor time's deſtroying ſway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.

9 Each future period this will bleſs,

as

as it has bleſs'd the paſt;
He lov'd us from the firſt of time,
and loves us to the laſt.

XXXVI. PROV. VIII. 1. 22—36.

SHALL heav'nly wiſdom cry aloud,
and not her ſpeech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
deſerves it no regard?

2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight,
his everlaſting Son:
Before the firſt of all his works,
creation, was begun.

3 Before the ſkies, and flying clouds,
before the ſolid land;
Before the fields, before the flood,
I dwelt at his right-hand.

4 When he adorn'd the arch of heav'n,
and built it, I was there;
To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
and marſhal ev'ry ſtar.

5 When ocean's bed he meaſur'd out,
and ſpread the flowing deep;
I gave the flood a firm decree,
in its own bounds to keep.

6 When, hung amidſt the empty ſpace,
the earth was balanc'd well,

With

With joy I ſaw the manſion, where
the ſons of men ſhould dwell.

7 My thoughts, from everlaſting days,
on their ſalvation ran;
E'er ſin was known, or *Adam*'s duſt
was faſhion'd into man.

8 Now, therefore, hearken to my words,
ye children, and be wiſe:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
the man that ſhuns them, dies.

9 'Tis I that point the path of life,
and give the beſt reward;
Life ſhall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.

10 Surely they to themſelves are foes,
who 'gainſt my word rebel:
And they who my inſtructions hate,
do court the road to hell.

XXXVII. GENESIS I.

NOW let the ſpacious world ariſe,
ſaid the creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and ſkies
roſe at his ſov'reign word.

2 Dark was the deep, the waters lay
confus'd and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
attends

attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
the clouds aſcend and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
and float on ſofter air.

4 The liquid element below
was gather'd by his hand:
The rolling ſeas together flow,
and leave the ſolid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
the naked globe he crown'd,
E're there was rain to bleſs the earth,
or ſun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
behold the ſun appears:
The moon and ſtars in order riſe,
to mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep, th' Almighty King
did vital beings frame;
And painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
and fiſh of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion, and the worm,
at once, their wond'rous birth:
And gazing beaſts of various form,
roſe from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at laſt was *Adam* made:

His maker's image bleſs'd his ſoul,
and glory crown'd his head.

10 Thus, glorious in the maker's eye,
the young creation ſtood:
He ſaw the building from on high;
his word pronounc'd it good.

XXXVIII. REVEL. XXI. 1—9.

LO, what a glorious ſight appears
to our believing eyes!
The earth and ſeas are paſs'd away,
and the old rolling ſkies.

2 From heav'n the new *Jerus'lem* comes,
all worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at laſt renew'd,
and paradiſe reſtor'd.

3 Attending angels ſhout for joy,
and the bright armies ſing,
Mortals! behold the ſacred ſeat
of your deſcending king.

4 The God of glory, down to men,
removes his bleſs'd abode:
He dwells with men; his people they,
and he his people's God.

5 His gracious hands ſhall wipe the tears,
from every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, andfears,
and death itſelf ſhall die.

6 Behold

6 Behold, I change all human things!
thus ſpeaks th' eternal one:
The world ſhall vaniſh from its place,
and time ſhall ceaſe to run.

7 I am the firſt, and I the laſt,
through endleſs years the ſame;
I Am, is my memorial ſtill;
and my eternal name.

8 Such favours as a God can give,
my royal grace beſtows:
Ho! ye that thirſt, come taſte the ſtream
where life and pleaſure flows.

9 The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins,
I'll own him for a ſon;
The whole creation ſhall reward
the conqueſts he has won.

10 But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race;
The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
that ſpurn at offer'd grace;

11 They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
bound faſt in iron chains;
And headlong plung'd into the lake
where fire and darkneſs reigns.

12 O may I ſtand before the Lamb,
when earth and ſeas are fled!
And hear the judge pronounce my name,

with bleſſings on my head !

13 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
ſhall this bright hour delay !
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time,
and bring the promis'd day.

XXXIX. JOB III. 17——20.

HOW ſtill and peaceful is the grave !
that ſilent bed, how bleſt !
The wicked there from troubling ceaſe,
and there the weary reſt.

2 There the freed pris'ner groans no more
beneath life's galling load :
Mute is th' oppreſſor's cruel voice,
and broke the tyrant's rod.

3 There ſlaves and maſters equal lie,
and ſhare the ſame repoſe :
The ſmall and great are there ; and friends
now mingle with their foes.

XL. 1 PET. I. 3——5.

BLeſs'd be the everlaſting God,
the father of our Lord :
Be his abounding mercy prais'd ;
his majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope

that

that they ſhould never die.

3 What tho' our inbred ſins require
our fleſh to ſee the duſt;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
ſo all his followers muſt.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
and cannot waſte away.

5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept
'till the ſalvation come:
We walk by faith, as ſtrangers here,
'till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

XLI. 1 COR. XV. 52, *to the End.*

WHEN the laſt trumpets awful voice
this rending earth ſhall ſhake;
The op'ning graves ſhall yield their charge,
and duſt to life awake.

2 Theſe bodies, then, ſo corrupt now
ſhall incorrupted riſe:
Mortal they fell, but riſe to live
immortal in the ſkies.

3 Behold what heav'nly prophets ſung
is now, at laſt, fulfill'd;
That death ſhould yield its ancient reign,
and quit the vanquiſh'd field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
and thus begin to ſing:
O grave! where be thy triumphs now?
and where, O death! thy ſting?

5 Thy ſting was ſin, and conſcious guilt;
'twas this that arm'd thy dart:
The law gave that its ſtrength and force
to pierce the ſinner's heart.

6 But God, whoſe name be ever bleſt!
diſarms that foe we dread;
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
thro' Chriſt our living head.

7 Then fixt and conſtant be your hearts,
and in his grace abound:
Thro' him, your labour's not in vain,
with ſuch an iſſue crown'd.

XLII. 2 COR. V. 1—11.

SOON ſhall this earthly frame, diſſolv'd,
in death and ruins ly:
But better manſions wait our ſoul,
prepar'd above the ſky.

2 An houſe eternal, built by God,
ſhall clothe a purer mind;
When once theſe priſon walls ſhall fall,
in which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burthen'd with this load of clay,
our

our weary'd ſpirits groan ;
'Till death's kind hand ſhall ſet them free,
and God ſhall bring them home.

4 Not that we wiſh the ſoul uncloth'd,
might from his body fly ;
But animate a purer frame
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that wait the juſt ;
theſe hopes their God hath giv'n :
His ſpirit is the earneſt now,
and ſeals their ſouls for heav'n.

6 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
faith lives upon his word :
But, while his body is our home,
we mourn an abſent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to ſee :
We would be abſent from the fleſh ;
and preſent, Lord ! with thee.

8 But ſtill, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend ;
That, in his ſervice ſpent, our life
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo ! before the Son as judge,
th' aſſembl'd world ſhall ſtand,
To take the puniſhment, or prize,
from his impartial hand.

10 Impartial

10 Impartial retributions then
our different lives await:
Our preſent actions, good or bad,
ſhall fix our future fate.

XLIII. REV. VII. 13—17.

THeſe glorious minds, how bright they ſhine!
whence all their white array? (
How came they to the happy ſeats
of everlaſting day?

2 Lo! theſe are they, to endleſs joy,
from ſuff'rings great, who came;
And waſh'd their raiment white in blood,
the blood of Chriſt the lamb.

3 Now they approach a holy God,
and bow before his throne;
With hearts enlarg'd to ſerve him ſtill,
and make his glory known.

4 His preſence fills each heart with joy;
tunes ev'ry mouth to ſing:
By day, by night, the bleſt abodes
with glad Hoſanna's ring.

5 Hunger and thirſt are felt no more,
nor ſuns with ſcorching ray:
God is their ſun, whoſe chearing beams
diffuſe eternal day.

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock,
where

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock,
where living fountains riſe;
And love divine ſhall wipe away
the ſorrows of their eyes.

XLIV. GEN. XXVIII. 20, 21, 22.

O God of Bethel, by whoſe hand
thine Iſrael ſtill is fed!
Who, thro' this weary pilgrimage,
haſt all our fathers led.

2 To thee our humble vows we raiſe;
to thee addreſs our pray'r:
And in thy kind and faithful breaſt,
depoſite all our care.

3 If thou, thro' each perplexing path,
wilt be our conſtant guide;
If thou wilt daily bread ſupply,
and raiment will provide.

4 If thou wilt ſpread thy wings around,
'till theſe our wand'rings ceaſe;
And at our father's lov'd abode,
our ſouls arrive in peace:

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
we'll our whole ſelves reſign;
And count that not our tenth alone,
but all we have, is thine.

XLV.

XLV. REV. I. 5——9.

TO him that lov'd the ſouls of men,
and waſh'd us in his blood;
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us prieſts to God:

2 To him, let ev'ry tongue be praiſe,
and ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler ſongs above!

3 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
his ſaints ſhall bleſs the day;
Whilſt they that pierc'd him, ſadly mourn
in anguiſh and diſmay.

4 I am the firſt, and I, the laſt;
time centers all in me:
Th' almighty God, who was and is,
and evermore ſhall be!

F I N I S.

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